

THE
TEMPLE REPAIRED;

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A P O E M

On the wonderful and elegant Repairing; or, rather
Renewing of that ancient and noble Fabric,

THE CHURCH OF THE ABBEY, AT PAISLEY,

In the Year 1789.

To which is added,

Some brief Remarks on the EARL OF ABERCORN'S BURIAL-
PLACE; commonly called,

THE SOUNDING ISLE.

BY JAMES MAXWELL,

POET IN PAISLEY.

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TEMPLE REPAIRED.

LO, here's a church of noble ancient date,
Founded and planned by noble Stewart the great.
A wondrous building this hath been of old,
Though but a part thereof we now behold :
Because for Popery it was first design'd,
When people were, as to religion, blind.
But when the Lord was pleas'd to ope' their eyes,
They saw their error then with great surprise.

Then was remember'd God's divine command
To Isra'l, when they enter'd Canaan's land.
To break their altars, and their groves destroy,
So did the people here their hands employ,
To wreak their vengeance on idolatry,
And but few vestiges escaped free.
Yet sav'd this noble piece of building good,
Wherein no idol altar yet had stood:
And this devoted they unto the Lord,
To have his worship pure herein restor'd.
And for this pious purpose hath it been
For many years, none other near it seen :
Until the Lord was pleas'd to increase
The people, and the trade about this place :
Then other churches near this soon were rear'd,
And diff'rent sects and parties too appear'd.
But this still like the mother church was seen,
And many faithful men have preach'd herein.

See what a happy change the Lord hath made,
Since Popery had the land quite overspread!
That darkness he hath quite dispell'd away,
And sent the gospel's bright celestial ray.

Yet by long negligence was this decay'd,
All but the walls almost in ruins laid.
So that at last it ruinous became,
And was expos'd to infamy and shame,
Till God was pleas'd to put it in the mind
Of some good patriots, ~~and~~ously inclin'd,
To have this house of God again repair'd,
And neither pains nor money here they spar'd.
Great Abercorn, and Glasgow's Dowager too,
Did here a noble zealous spirit shew,
And Garthland too, as also gen'rous Speirs
Of Elderslee and Houston, next appears;
Houston of Johnston, gave a helping hand;
Douglas of Douglas, ready on demand;
Maxwell of Nether-Pollock, brave young knight,
Contributed with chearful mind and might;
The Laird of Househill too, with chearful heart,
And Paisley Town, gave each a handsome part;
And sev'ral more, that should not be forgot,
Although their names I now remember not.
May Heav'n reward them, and their love repay,
With crowns of glory at the last great day;
For this was sure a charitable deed,
When this God's House was in excessive need.
For it was grown so needful of repair,
That very few could bear to enter there;
Especially in winter; for the cold
Seiz'd bitterly upon both young and old.
But now 'tis all renew'd, both high and low,
And now it makes a venerable show.
Yea, all's renew'd within so neat and clean,
Its parallel is rarely to be seen.
New roof'd: the floor new laid and rais'd,
The ancient windows open'd and new glaz'd,

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With glass transparent, most refulgent bright,
 So that it is a glorious lamp of light.
 New galleries encircling all around,
 Where Gothic ornaments and shields are found,
 With their armorials too, of whom they're own'd.
 The pulpit too, so venerable grand,
 Fixt to a noble pillar it doth stand.
 New stairs likewise, so elegant and clean,
 The like is very rarely to be seen.
 All is renewed, except the stately walls,
 Which for our admiration loudly calls,
 For strength, for beauty, elegance and grace,
 The like is rarely found in any place.

Nor only is the church so well repair'd,
 But also is improv'd the grand Church-yard;
 With noble iron gates, and gravel walk,
 For no expences did these patriots balk:
 They have express'd a noble zealous care,
 To have the House of God in due repair.

Now in the Church, when they ransack'd the ground,
 Here stones of noble families were found,
 Of ancient date, when they new laid the floor,
 Which had been buried here in days of yore.
 Of ancient Stewarts and Hamiltons of note,
 Semples and Maxwells, not to be forgot.
 And in the Church-yard too, what numbers lie,
 Not only of the meanest, but most high;
 But all are mingled here promiscuously.
 And only of two sorts they'll be at last,
 One sort be chosen, and the other cast.
 But no distinction then of rich and poor,
 Only as they polluted were or pure.

Now as this church is made so neat and clean,
 O may the Lord of hosts reside herein!
 And may the Spirit of the Lord descend,
 And on his ordinances here attend.
 For Paul may plant, Apollos water too,
 All is in vain what mortal men can do,

See what a happy change the Lord hath made,
 Since Popery had the land quite overspread!
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 O may the Lord of hosts reside herein!
 And may the Spirit of the Lord descend,
 And on his ordinances here attend.
 For Paul may plant, Apollos water too,
 All is in vain what mortal men can do,

Unless the Lord of ordinances bless
His word, and give his gospel good success.

For this let all his people humbly pray,
That he may grant his blessing day by day.
Pray that your ministers may blessed be,
And much success may of their labours see.
Thus may the church be with God's glory crown'd,
And with his presence eminently own'd.

O N T H E
EARL OF ABERCORN'S BURIAL-PLACE;
COMMONLY CALLED,
THE SOUNDING ISLE.

LO, here's another wonder to be seen,
Wherein (of old) much imagery have been.
Although but vestiges thereof remain,
Which may be seen by observation plain :
A noble Gothic roof, all arch'd most strong :
This doth unto great Abercorn belong.
Behind the church it stands, in place obscure,
Where it may till the end of time endure.
Though not now occupied for that design
For which it was erected here so fine ;
But still the vestiges of imagery,
May very plainly here discover'd be :
'Tho' quite impair'd, not like what it hath been,
This also may be evidently seen.
Yet here such curious carving on the walls,
Which to our mind their first design recalls.
For here our Saviour, cut in stone we see,
As also all the holy family.
Joseph and Mary, with the Babe new born,
These things were thought the walls much to adorn.
And here, no doubt, to Mary and her Son,
They paid devotion on the carved stone.

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To priests the penitents their sins confess,
Kneeling before them, as in deep distress.

Yea, here's a priest, distinguish'd much indeed,
With holy water streaming on his head.

He had, no doubt, much merit here to spare,
And surely was esteem'd a saint most rare.

But if he had enough himself to save,
I'm sure 'twas more than any here now have,
Or ever had since Adam's fatal fall,

Who was the head and father of us all.

Yea, many tokens of their trump'ry gear,

CE; Beside here in this wondrous house appear.

Lo, here's a spacious cupboard in the wall,
Where they have us'd to keep their wafers all;
And many more such things, but I forbear
To mention all that in this place appear.

But one thing more I cannot here omit,
Although 'tis scarce worth while to mention it:

Namely, a bason, also cut in stone,
For holding holy water, to atone—
For all impurity of venial sin,

That might defile them outward or within.

But, lo, another curious sight here seen:

Upon the floor here lies a noble Queen,

In full proportion, also cut in stone,

This is no fable, but a fact well known.

In state she lies, O 'tis a wondrous thing,

She was the mother of a famous King;

Who from her horse got such a deadly fall,

Met sudden death, and pregnant was withal,

Of this same King; yet open'd was with speed,

And him extracted from her, tho' quite dead.

Yet was by Providence preserv'd his breath,

Although his mother got such sudden death.

He got indeed a scare upon his eye,

Which never left him till he came to die.

This did indeed on him this nickname raise,

King Blearie *, he was called all his days.

* *Robert II. King of Scotland.*

(8)
Yea, here's another thing of chiefest note,
In this fam'd dome, which must not be forgot :
Namely, the matchless echo of the place,
Which sounds with such a sweet melodious grace.
Shut but the door, and it like thunder sounds,
If you but speak, the echo so rebounds;
Or if a note of music you but sing,
Or touch an instrument of wind or string,
Ev'n tho' the instrument be only one,
'Twill sound as tho' a number play'd thereon :
All with such melody, you then shall hear,
As is surprising to the curious ear.
Yea, such amazing wonders here abound,
As scarce elsewhere in Britain can be found ;
But to relate them all none would believe
That have not seen, but all as lies receive.

Now at this time this isle will yet be stor'd
With the remains of a most noble Lord ;
Who is just now call'd off this mortal stage,
In an advanced, and a well-spent age ;
A nobleman of very great renown.
And chief proprietor of this fam'd town ;
A lord of great sobriety through life,
Strict chastity, although he had no wife ;
Gen'rous and charitable to the poor ;
Of wealth immense, in lands and money sure.
A noble patriot both to church and state,
And of religion not asham'd, though great—
Did on God's ordinances well attend,
And was to virtue still a constant friend ;
A bright example he hath left behind,
O may it copied be by all mankind !
Here may his bones in peace and safety lie,
Till call'd to join the armies of the sky ;
Then may he joyfully with them ascend,
To boundless bliss, for ever without end.



